

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO 5

MARKS-RUBIN WEDDING AT NOON TUESDAY

Rabbi L. Yagour of Bradford Performed the Ceremony.

A VERY PRETTY HOME WEDDING

Mr. Sol Marks of Renovo, and Miss Rae, Eldest Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin, United in Marriage—Beautiful Wedding Gifts—Many Out of Town Guests.

One of the prettiest home weddings solemnized in Smethport in a long time occurred at the home of H. W. Rubin on King street at noon on Tuesday, January 30, 1912, when their eldest daughter, Miss Rae, was given in marriage to Mr. Sol Marks of Renovo.

Promptly at twelve o'clock Rabbi L. Yagour took his station in the large double windows of the rear parlor of the Rubin home and Miss Rose Marks, of Towanda, Pa., a niece of the groom, at the piano, started the inspiring strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Leaning on the arm of her father, the bride came down the stairs and through the hall, meeting the groom under a canopy of pink roses and smiling in front of the Rabbi, who performed the ceremony according to the orthodox Jewish religion. The windows were banked with potted plants and presented a beautiful appearance.

The ceremony over, a reception was held for Mr. and Mrs. Marks and the seventy-five guests present extended congratulations and wished them a long life of happiness.

A very dainty luncheon was then served in the dining room, which was handsomely decorated in pink and white, roses and amallax predominating.

It is the custom of the Jewish people to make merry at a wedding and this was no exception. The time between luncheon and when Mr. and Mrs. Marks left for their wedding tour at four o'clock was pleasantly spent, and when the bridal party left for the depot they were followed by most of their guests and given a rousing send-off.

The bride was beautifully gowned in a white dutcher satin with pearl trimmings, made entrails, and wore a bridal veil of tulle and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Stella, who wore a white chiffon embroidered in pink flowers and carried a bouquet of pink and white flowers, carrying out the color scheme.

The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Robert Marks, of Danville, Pa., both of whom were attired in business suits and wore their hats, in accordance with the Jewish custom.

The bride is a charming and popular young lady who has many close friends in Smethport's social set, and the groom is a well-known and prosperous young clothing merchant of Renovo.

Mr. and Mrs. Marks left on the afternoon Pennsylvania train for Buffalo and other points and after a few days will be at home to their friends in Renovo.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and costly gifts from her many friends, consisting of silver, cut glass, china and pictures.

Those from out of town present at the wedding were: Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Marks and daughter, Miss Rose, of Towanda, Pa.; Mr. Robert Marks of Danville, Pa.; Mrs. L. Rosen and Mr. J. Kaufman, of New York city; Miss Roosa Weiner of Philadelphia; Mrs. H. M. Silman, Miss Eva Silman and Mr. Harry I. Silman, of St. Marys, Pa.; Mrs. R. K. Russell and son, Ned, Miss Helen Weiss, Miss Selma Mayer and Miss Elizabeth Berwald, of Bradford.

POSTOFFICE REMODELED.

Some Decided Improvements Are Made on the Interior of That Building.

Scott F. Redfield is having some decided improvements made on the interior of the postoffice building, and when this work is completed we will have one of the finest postoffices for a town of its size in this section.

A new steel ceiling will be put on and a new white maple floor laid and there will be some changes in the entrance. New furniture and boxes are

here and will be installed. The new order, stamp and general delivery windows will all be in a row in the front and the call and lock boxes will be located a good deal as they are now. Two tables will be placed in the lobby for the accommodation of the public.

A. H. Kidder has charge of the work and will rush it to completion as fast as possible.

I. O. C. F. BAND DANCE.

There Will Be a Big Time at The Smethport Lyceum, Thursday, Feb. 15.

Arrangements are now under way for a big dance and some supper and other jobs, all to occur at the Lyceum on Thursday evening, Feb. 15, next, for the purpose of making some money for the Odd Fellows' band of this place.

We are assured by the band management, Messrs. Strong, Blevier and Earl Galtup, who will have the undertaking in charge, that it will be one of the big social events of the overworked pre-Lenten season this year. It will be a popular priced dance, the tickets costing the sum of seventy-five cents per couple—but not found. No, the eats will cost extra and will be served on the European plan at five cents a course. The music will be furnished by the band, and in large doses, until all are ready to go home. At one and a half bits a foot every swain hereabouts can entertain his lady love in a fine manner and at the same time help a good cause along.

The Odd Fellows' band was organized and put in blast June 15th 1903, and has been in continuous operation ever since. It thus occupies a unique position among band organizations of these parts, for few bands, indeed, are of the long-distance variety, like the Odd Fellows'. At present the management is operating 14 blowers with the veteran Big Rigger, Rafferty Purdie, as the leader. The flattening department is looked after by George Ritchie and Murt Backus, two drummers who are hard to beat. About once a year this organization asks the public for financial assistance. The money goes to the fund for purchasing new music, repairs to instruments and uniforms and other small expenses, but does not go to the members. The only pay they get is when they have an occasional engagement. Their time and trouble they give freely for rehearsals, and practice. They play whenever they have an opportunity and in short are fulfilling the difficult task of maintaining their organization in a very acceptable manner. A band is a good thing for a town and let us all show our appreciation by buying a ticket to the dance and boosting it all we can.

LAND COMPANY DISSOLVED.

Smethport Land and Improvement Company Winds Up Its Affairs.

The Smethport Land and Improvement Company has closed up its affairs. About ten years ago this company was organized, and land on Nelson, Bank and Willow streets was purchased upon which twelve houses were erected, to accommodate men who were employed in the Camp Glass factory. For a time the investment was a good one, but after that factory was closed it has not paid very well.

In closing up its business the land on the south side of Bank street was sold to Charles McKean and the houses and money have been divided up among the members of the company, so that each can dispose of his interests as he sees fit.

STRUCK GOOD OIL WELL.

J. T. O'Reilly, Formerly of Smethport Interested in 75-Barrel Well.

Local oil fields are becoming prominent. J. E. Leonard, J. T. O'Reilly and associates have completed their test well on the William McCormick farm on Corapolis Heights and have a show for a 75-barrel producer in the 30-foot sand. The well lies ahead of all producing territory, and thus opens up a new field, which promises to be a good one. Much interest is aroused by oil men, and the adjoining territory will now be tested.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

J. T. O'Reilly, who is interested in this well is a son of M. O'Reilly of this place and he has many friends here who hope that this well is the starting point of a very productive lease.

THE WATCH CASE.

Two Gents Concerned in a Celebrated Case Are Held for Court.

Last night's Bradford Star-Record says: John Burns, better known as "Coffee," and Clarence Sutherland, were given a hearing this morning before Alderman Filkins on a charge of conducting a gambling house. The "house" in question was a room in the Woods block on Davis street. Both men were held for their appearance before the February term of criminal court.

The information leading to today's hearing was made by County Detective Jones. An incident connected with a poker game caused the trouble. It appeared from the evidence that a number of citizens gathered in the room in the Woods block for the purpose of dallying with the jack pot. All went as merry as a marriage bell until W. T. Bunnell, one of the players, found himself short of change and asked Burns to take his watch in trust for a consignment of poker checks. The transfer was made and the game went merrily on. Later, Bunnell wished to regain possession of his watch and was informed by Burns that he had turned the ticker over to a man named F. Coldwell. The latter denied having received the timepiece and then the trouble began. Bunnell caused the arrest of Coldwell. The matter was threshed out in the offices of two Aldermen and both Burns and Coldwell were held in their own recognizance to appear before the next sitting of the grand jury. In the meantime the watch was returned by mail to its owner.

Although the watch in the case was an open-face one, with only one case, District Attorney Wilson and County Detective Jones kept a watchful eye on the watch case. And as today's results prove, it was a sad case. They caused warrants to be issued for the arrest of Burns and Sutherland, on a charge of conducting a gambling joint. During the progress of the hearing this morning, while the district attorney was gaining knowledge of the national game from a number of witnesses, it developed that Sutherland had an interest in the proceeds of the poker establishment. Burns and Sutherland were willing witnesses and freely told all they knew of the rattle of the poker chips as heard in our fair city.

A large audience attended the hearing and a lovely time was had. Under the cross questioning, many fine points in the game were brought out—and there were many poker experts present to listen to the evidence.

An effort to locate Coldwell proved fruitless. He had evidently taken time by the forelock, watched his opportunity, and sought a different locality.

ASSAULTED A WOMAN.

Fortunato Zucco Arrested By Detective Jones This Morning.

Just as we were going to press at noon today we received a telephone message from Detective Jones stating that he had just brought Fortunato Zucco, an Italian who had this morning criminally assaulted Mrs. Joe Cattona at her home in Ripley Hollow, about four miles southwest of this place.

Mr. Jones states that Zucco attacked the woman in her home at about 8 o'clock this morning, but she finally succeeded in breaking away from him and ran from the house through the snow to a neighbor, carrying her infant child who was scantily dressed. Her face was scratched and her clothes badly torn but she managed to get away before he had accomplished his purpose.

Zucco fled to the woods but Detective Jones, who was immediately notified, took up his tracks in the snow and followed him over near the cabin of the Olds Rod and Gun Club, where he effected his capture.

He brought him to Smethport and lodged him in jail until 2 o'clock this afternoon when he will have a hearing before Justice Colegrove.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Wheeler, the eye specialist, will be in Smethport at the Wright House, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 6 & 7. Examination and consultation free of charge.

ROOSEVELT WILL STAND FOR PRESIDENT

That Is If The People Show They Want Him For President.

WILL NOT SEEK THE NOMINATION

He Makes Plain, Concise Statement of His Position—He Will Not Seek to Defeat President Taft—Merely in a Receptive Mood.

Chicago, Jan. 29.—A New York special to the Evening Post says: "I am not and shall not be a candidate, I shall not seek the nomination, nor would I accept it if it came to me as the result of an intrigue. But I will not let my hands by a statement which would make it difficult or impossible for me to serve the public by undertaking a great task, if the people as a whole, seemed definitely to come to the conclusion that I ought to do that task."

"These actual literal words are being said by Theodore Roosevelt today in letters, interviews, in statements to those whom he deems sincere and honest supporters or sincere and honest opponents."

"They are a part of a remarkable definition of his exact position that has been known to his personal friends for some time."

"In summary the Colonel declares himself willing to take the Republican nomination, although he might have much to lose and little to gain in reputation by so doing, if the people unmistakably declare their belief that he is the man to do the big jobs that face the nation."

"Mr. Roosevelt makes no attacks on President Taft. Indeed in one statement he is known to have called the latter's nomination 'probable.' And he is making it clearly evident that he will countenance neither trickery nor abuse against Taft. If the nomination is to come to himself he wants it to come with clean hands."

MOTHER DIES IN CHILDBIRTH.

Baby Who Was Born After Mother's Death Is Strong and Healthy.

The Port Allegany Reporter says: Mrs. Belle May Sino, wife of Thomas Sino of Galeton, died at the McGranor hospital, Monday evening, of endocarditis, developed by childbirth. A strong and active baby was born shortly after the death of the mother. The child is getting on nicely. The funeral was held from St. Gabriel's church Thursday morning, Father William Becker officiating, after which Undertaker Schoonover took the remains to Sartwell where they were interred in St. Mary's cemetery. She was only twenty-one years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Plano, of the tannery, the parents of the woman, have been Port Allegany residents for very many years, and she was a most estimable young woman. The husband is employed at Galeton and didn't arrive until after the death of his wife. The husband and parents have the sympathy of everyone in the death of a loving wife and daughter.

FORMER SMETHPORT BOY WEDS.

Arthur P. Sanborn and Miss Madeline Nevin, Married Dec. 7, 1911.

Announcement has just been made public of the marriage of Mr. Arthur P. Sanborn, son of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Sanborn of Friendship, to Miss Madeline Nevin, a beautiful and charming young woman of Jersey City, N. J., in that place on December 7, 1911.

Mr. Sanborn is an electrician aboard the United States flagship Louisiana, having joined the navy in 1909, for three years' service. His time will expire February 1, 1912, when he will accept a fine position as electrician for a large electrical company in New York city, where he and his bride will reside.

Mr. Sanborn's many friends in Friendship, where he has resided for several years, wish the young couple much happiness.—Friendship Register.

Rev. J. W. Sanborn was pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church here several years ago and his son, Arthur, has many friends here who wish he and his bride a happy married life.

Advertise in The Miner.

FOUR PERSONS BURNED.

Five More Injured in a Fire Near Butler on Sunday.

Butler, Pa., Jan. 28.—Four persons were incinerated and five others injured, one probably fatally, in a fire which destroyed the residence of Curtis C. Hale at Claytonia, ten miles north of here, early today. The dead are: Earl Miles, aged 29, son-in-law of Curtis Hale. Mrs. Earl Miles, aged 25. Mrs. Inez Bell Hale, aged 28, wife of John Hale. Scott Hale, aged 18, son of Curtis Hale.

The injured are: Curtis C. Hale, aged 61, burned about head and hands. Mrs. Curtis C. Hale, burned on face and hands, prostrated from exposure. David Hale, aged 33, of Sandy Lake, arms and head burned, in dying condition at Mercer hospital. James Hale, aged 31, burned on hands and limbs. Miss Sadie Hale, aged 18, burns on face.

A family party was held Saturday night at the Hale home in honor of David, a son, who had come home to spend Sunday. All lived under the paternal roof except David and Mr. and Mrs. Miles. The fire started about 3 o'clock from an overheated stove. Miss Sadie aroused her parents, who slept on the first floor, and they escaped in night clothes.

Making her way to the second floor, the young woman rescued the year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hale, carrying it to her mother outside. Returning to the upper rooms she found all apparently unconscious. Grabbing her brother, James, she dragged him downstairs. When she made a dash to save the others a wall of flame closed her way, and clad only in her night robe, she staggered from the noise and fell in the snow. Neighbors carried her to a nearby house.

David made his way to a window and plunged through the sash to the ground. Rescuers carried him to a neighbor's house. The four bodies died in that home and their bodies were burned to a crisp in the ruins.

ARRESTED FOR BIGAMY.

John Lewis, of Kane, Now in County Jail on Serious Charge.

Last Friday's Kane Republican says: County Detective Jones and District Attorney Wilson of Smethport, caused the arrest of John Lewis, of this place, on Tuesday, on the charge of adultery and bigamy. Mr. Lewis and his first wife are quite well known in Kane where they had lived together with their family for some time up until a few years ago when Mr. Lewis left Kane and located in Butler, Pa., working there for some time at his trade, that of a barber, but was forced to leave on account of ill health, going to Montana, where he met and married his second wife, believing that Mrs. Lewis, of this place, had secured a divorce. His health continued to fall so he came to Kane with his wife a few months ago, where he knew he could be benefitted by the high altitude, and took up his residence, all parties concerned knowing the true state of affairs, and were satisfied to let matters stand as they were, but when the true facts in the case were learned the above mentioned officials took action.

The man was given a hearing before a justice of the peace on Wednesday, and from the evidence produced there it was shown that Mr. Lewis was again joined in wedlock to Elizabeth Hubbard on June 19th, 1911, at Livingston, Montana, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Hector C. Leland, pastor of the First Baptist church of that place in the presence of two witnesses, namely Dorothy Miller and Harry Sumney. He was held for his appearance at court in the sum of \$1200, \$200 on the first charge and \$1000 on the second. Not being able to furnish bail he was taken to Smethport yesterday by Constable Dilly to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of criminal court.

ENDS OWN LIFE.

Episcopal Minister in Blossburg Commits Suicide by Shooting.

Standing in front of a mirror, in his room in the Seymour hotel, at Blossburg, at 8:40 o'clock Saturday morning, the Rev. John Conley Grimes, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal church of that place, sent a bullet from a revolver crashing through his brain, entering at the left temple. Death was instantaneous, says the Wellsboro Advocate of Jan. 30.

Mr. Grimes was formerly a Methodist minister and served in the Har-

riburg district. Three years ago he left the Methodist church and was received into the Episcopal ministry. His last Methodist charge was at Berwick.

Six years ago, while attending the annual meeting of the Central Pennsylvania conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, then in session in Altoona, he attempted to take his life. He cut his throat and was taken to a hospital, where he recovered.

His first charge as an Episcopalian was at St. Mary's Church in Williamsport, where he served from April, 1909, until February, 1911, then he went to Trinity parish, Renovo. After serving several months at Renovo he went to St. Luke's parish, Blossburg. He was a member of Amazon lodge, No. 662, I. O. O. F., and other Odd Fellow bodies of Williamsport and of the Masonic bodies in Blossburg.

Rector Grimes was an able man whose eloquent presentations of the gospel messages from the pulpit and whose private life in Blossburg had won him many steadfast friends. It was known that his health was not of the best, that being the reason that he came to Blossburg, where his pastoral duties would be lighter than they would be in a large city where he might have easily located. But it never was suspected that his physical condition had affected his mind to any degree. It was noticed that he had been rather despondent during the last few days: that was all.

The suicide caused a profound sensation in Blossburg. Mr. Grimes was one of the most efficient and eloquent pastors that ever labored in St. Luke's church affairs had prospered accordingly. On every side are heard expressions of sympathy that he should have met so untimely a fate. He was a married man but his family had not been brought to Blossburg.

His father and mother reside at Newmarket, near Harrisburg, and the body was taken there for burial.

TO PUBLISH NAMES.

Persons Signing License Petitions Will be Interested in Proposed Publicity—W. C. T. U. Meeting.

The McKean County W. C. T. U. executive committee held a business meeting at the Bradford W. C. T. U. rooms on Congress street on Thursday. Those present from out of town were: Mrs. N. W. Heinemann, Colegrove; Mrs. Elsie K. Kane, Kushqu; Mrs. Calvin DeYoung, Kane; Mrs. Orell Moody, Mrs. J. C. Looker and Miss Lucella Love, of Riford; Mrs. B. H. Green, of East Bradford; Mrs. Eva Sullivan, of Duke Center; Mrs. Margaret Hunter and Mrs. L. M. Higgins, of Custer City.

The meeting was called to order at 10:45 with the president, Mrs. Heinemann, in the chair. During the devotional exercises Evangelist Mrs. Butts gave a talk. Superintendents of departments were elected as follows: Peace and arbitration, Mrs. Margaret Hunter, of Custer City; mother's meetings, Mrs. Anna Blew, of Kane; evangelistic, Mrs. Fannie Mueller, of Bradford; franchise, Mrs. M. C. Bissell, of Bradford; medical temperance, Mrs. Bertha Skoogland, of Kane; co-operation with missionary societies, Mrs. L. M. Higgins, Custer City.

It was voted that the names be published of the signers of all license petitions that shall be presented to the next term of license court.

Arrangements for the spring convention were left in the hands of the central executive committee. Prior to the spring convention prize essay contests are to be held in all the towns of the county. The contests will be open to eighth grade pupils, the subject to be, "The Effects of Tobacco on the System." Each local W. C. T. U. will offer a prize of one dollar. The winning essay in each community will be forwarded to the spring convention at which time an additional prize will be awarded for the best essay from the whole county.

The Bradford W. C. T. U. served luncheon to 22 guests.—Bradford Era.

Watched.

Teams to haul chemical wood, \$5.00 per day. Inquire either at the office at East Smethport or of A. J. Drake, Telephone No. 24R, Eldred, Pa.

Smethport Chemical Co. D. M. Cooper, Gen. Supt.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

GARRIE CLARK.

CHINA THE SPAINX AMONG NATIONS



SPREAD OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

THE History of the human race affords no more interesting study than that of the huge Chinese empire, which after a slumber of many centuries is now bursting the shackles of conservatism and aspiring to new life and new ideals. Starting in the province of Szechuan, the revolt against the Manchu dynasty spread down the Yangtze valley and southward to the coast. In the shaded portion of the map, showing the huge slice of the empire held by the rebels, Hankow and Nanking are the only important cities under imperial control.

There was a time in her history when she was the most progressive empire in the world. Possibly, within her territory first began the development and promotion of civilized life—the upward tendency of man from the cave, to the palace, from the nomadic to the sedentary, from the loose system of tribal patriarchy to fixed laws and institutions. She was the contemporary of Egypt, of Babylon, of Assyria, of Greece, and long before Rome was anything more than a primitive settlement China had a system of organized life and a fixed literature.

These ancient empires are no more, but China still is. The continuity of her racial life has been maintained for 3,000, perhaps for 4,000 years; and this great Mongolian land, which was administering laws and justice when the slaves of the Pharaohs were erecting the pyramids is as virile as any nation in the world today. Then the progressive civilization of the Chinese was arrested and the whole life of the race seemed suddenly to crystallize. There was no advance from this position and apparently no retrogression. Therein the remarkable singularity of the Chinese is seen. With the west there is either progress or decline—improvement or utter decay. There is no middle ground. But with the Chinese, on the contrary, everything has been stationary.

Cause of Chinese Conservatism. This fixity of Chinese life is traceable to the teachings of Confucius, who lived in the fifth century before the Christian era and whose doctrines are accepted by practically all Chinese. He was not the founder of a religion, in the accepted western sense of that term, but rather of a philosophic system. Confucius, whose studies extended back to the beginnings of things Chinese, discovered a golden state of happiness, and his philosophy sought the restoration of the people to this golden era and so circumscribed them by rules of conduct that the past became an established form and the desire for change was extinguished.

Thus was the spirit of progress shackled in China. Laws, usages, customs, manners, became crystallized. Industrial life became fixed, and today husbandmen are using tools similar to those which their progenitors employed when Rome was contending with Carthage for the supremacy of the ancient world. China until recently has since been living with her face to the past, affording to the world a changeless phenomenon which has been the wonder of scientists and scholars.

Ceremonial rule regulates every act of the Chinese. It is based on the so-called classics, which may be called both the constitution and the Bible of the Chinese and which binds emperor and peasant alike. Polygamy, although to some extent practiced among the Chinese, is generally interdicted and, of course, prevails among the Mohammedans of the empire. But concubinage is common and the same double standard of morals prevails in China as elsewhere. In the Chinese family girls are a burden, boys are a joy, and hence female children are put to death.

The industrial life of the Chinese is one of great intensity. Into an area of 1,500,000 square miles comprised in China proper is crowded a population of 426,000,000 human beings—a fourth of the people of the earth. No such vast homogeneous population was ever before assembled in any single country in the world and the task of supplying their numerous wants is

herculean. The soil, however, is fertile and although it is cultivated by hand, or by the rudest of farming implements, not an available foot of it is permitted to go to waste. Fences, which occupy space, are rare in China. Even grass, which in comparison with grains, such as wheat, barley and corn, conduces less to the support of life, is denied room. Fish is abundant and rice is the staple food for the bulk of the population. All decaying matter is returned to the soil to fertilize it and, thus replenished, the land continues to yield rich harvests.

In the mechanical arts the Chinese are as industrious and patient as in the cultivation of the soil, but they lack the tools and, more than the tools, that spirit of initiative and progress which means success today. In some of the arts they are wonderfully skilled. But as an industrial people, as the term is understood in progressive America, they lag far behind.

Some Great Achievements. To the student of history they seem a different people from those who built the Grand canal, the most remarkable waterway in the world; who carried the Great Wall over rivers, mountains and canons for nearly 1,500 miles as a barrier against Tartar invasion; who first devised the system, crude as it was, of movable type and who first used explosives in the art of warfare. This was, however, before the period when their national life seemed to crystallize and progress was turned backward.

Among the monuments of mankind the Great Wall is unique. It includes a greater mass of masonry than all the works of ancient Rome and Egypt



Section of the Great Wall.

—aqueducts and pyramids—combined. Twenty feet high, 25 feet wide at the base and 15 feet at the top, with huge towers from 37 to 50 feet high rising at intervals of 100 yards for the accommodation of armed men, it is carried over a broken country a distance of 1,259 miles. And this great work—the most stupendous line of defense ever erected by man—was built more than 200 years before Christ, while the shadow of ancient Rome lay over the world.

The Chinese race has had its winter and now it seems that this wonderful people have again reached spring in the cycle of the centuries. The shackles of a benumbing conservatism are being broken and the leaders of the race while reverent of the past are looking toward the future—toward light and power and progress.

The revolutionary movement today is more than anti-dynastic. It means more than the expulsion of the Manchus, who have lorded it over the Chinese since they were called in to aid in the suppression of a rebellion in 1643 and finding the country so good and so favorable concluded to remain. Corrupt as may have been many of the Manchu rulers, they cannot justly be charged with all the miseries which have afflicted China during the period of their ascendancy. These evils, while undoubtedly augmented by Manchu rule, may be traced to the system under which the spirit of Chinese progress has been throttled—a system which was founded by her sages and which during thousands of years has become crystallized in her national character.

NOT TIME FOR VISITS

ELAIE WOULDN'T HAVE CALLS IN BUSINESS HOURS.

Young Woman's Determination to Give Her Employer a Square Deal Might Estrange Friends But Assured Her Future.

Chudleigh was a small place, and therefore it was natural for everybody to talk about everybody else's business. So when Mr. Lambert failed, and then died of overwork and anxiety and a broken heart, and his eldest daughter, Elsie, was obliged to become the wage-earner for the family, all Chudleigh sympathized and conjectured and compared notes. As for Mildred Rand, who was one of Elsie's most intimate friends, she made the case particularly her own.

"It's a shame that Elsie had to take a position as private secretary, especially to Mr. Larkin. Nobody's called on Mrs. Larkin, and as for him, well, 'ordinary' doesn't express his 'ordinariness.' She ought to have done better."

In vain Elsie tried to persuade her how lucky she really was, with so little experience, to have stepped into usefulness that was paid for liberally, and to have found an employer more than usually considerate. Mildred still regarded it as a misfortune.

"Elsie's miserable!" she declared, and as time hung heavy on her hands she proceeded to lighten her friend's slavery by frequent telephone calls, special delivery letters and long visits during office hours. At last the climax came when the telephone rang for Elsie the third time in one morning. Mr. Larkin turned with a frown to his secretary, but seeing how his own annoyance had reflected on her face, and seeing, too, how tired and white she was, he said nothing, but instead turned and went out.

A little later Mildred flattered into the office.

"Mildred," she said, "you are ruining my chances here. What opinion do you suppose Mr. Larkin will have of my interest in my work if I allow myself to be interrupted this way?"

"But I don't understand," replied Mildred, honestly bewildered. "Surely it ought to increase your value in the opinion of a man like Mr. Larkin to have your old friends treat you as if nothing had happened. Everybody knows his wife would give her ears to be in our set, and beside, Mr. Larkin's gone out. I just saw him. I want to tell you about the cottillon."

"It doesn't matter where he is," said Elsie, "and I can't stop now to hear about the cottillon. Can't you see? My time while I'm here is Mr. Larkin's. He pays me honestly, and I want to deal fairly with him. Don't tempt me into neglecting my work." She turned resolutely to her papered desk.

"O, if you're going to take it that way," and Mildred rustled off, indignant.

As the door closed the keys of Elsie's typewriter began again to click busily. She did not know that Mr. Larkin, who had returned to his inner office through the private entrance, had overheard the close of the conversation. If she had known it she would have been glad to see the way in which he nodded and said to himself, "She'll do! She'll do!" Youth's Companion.

"Granulate" Wouldn't Do.

Proud father of a 4-year-old daughter told us with such obvious hopes of seeing it in print, we can't bear to shatter his dreams.

The daughter is a precocious mite, and he likes to make mistakes in grammar and pronunciation sometimes, just to give her an opportunity to correct him. The other day he said in her hearing: "Yes, I granulated from the U. of M. in 1898."

"What's that?" asked Miss Daughter, pricking up her ears.

"I granulated," responded daddy.

"Why, no, you didn't; you graduated, persisted small daughter.

"No, sir, not I," reiterated the dad; "other people may have graduated but I granulated."

Daughter looked her scorn. "Well, if that's what you did," she flashed, "you'd better go back and learn some more. Then you'll graduate."

Overheard in Court.

Jimsonberry and Harkaway had been hauled up before the court for speeding.

"Fifty dollars apiece," said the judge. "All the evidence before this bench goes to prove that you fellows was racin' along at 50 miles an hour."

"But, judge," protested Jimsonberry, "my car can't possibly go more than 30 miles an hour."

"And the limit of mine is 35," pleaded Harkaway.

"Waal—s'posh' it is?" demanded the judge. "Thirty and 35 comes to 65, don't it? By Gorry, I'll add a dollar on the fines of both of ye."—Harper's Weekly.

Fun in the Rabbit Family.

Janie Rabbit—What's the matter with Pa Rabbit?

Brother Bob—Ma's afraid he's goin' to have apoplexy. He laughed so hard at the hunters shootin' each other.

Aiming High.

"How came she to get such a sudden craze on to visit the beauty doctor?"

"She wants to look like her photograph."

NUMBER 4223 Palisade

By JOHN HOPEWELL

Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

After luncheon Paul Enslow returned to his office and prepared to pick up the loose threads of correspondence that had been dropped with the chiming of the noonday clocks.

Later after letter was read and considered, and then either laid aside to be answered when his stenographer returned or tossed into the filing basket. When his desk was cleared he drew the telephone receiver toward him and called a number. As he waited for a reply his glance fell on a scrap of paper near the instrument.

"Call 4223 Palisade" was penciled on it in Miss Clark's neat handwriting.

When he had concluded a brief conversation over the wire Paul picked up the memorandum once more.

"Give me 4223 Palisade, please," he said.

There was a long wait and then a tearful feminine voice came over the wire.

"Is that you, Paul?" it quavered.

"Yes," he replied, mystified.

"Well—you know who it is, don't you?" The voice was dangerously near breaking.

"No—I do not," he hesitated.

"Oh, dearest—please don't be so stern—and unforgiving—you know it's I—Mabel."

Now, the only Mabel who had the right to speak thus intimately was Paul Enslow's married sister, and at this moment she was supposed to be in the Adirondacks. Accustomed to his sister's easily flowing tears, Paul was not greatly disturbed over her emotion.

"Where are you now?" he asked.

"At Margaret's—of course—please don't tease, dear."

"You know so many Margarets, my dear, that I am still in the dark," he returned, patiently. "What is the matter now, Mabel? Has Fido swallowed a bone or has Peter neglected to send his weekly postal card and you have returned to town?"

"Paul!" in sobbing indignation.

"I am still in the dark," he murmured, wearily. "Is anything serious the matter—anybody dead?"

"Yes!" she sobbed bitterly. "My love is dead!"

"Fido? Not old Peter—why, I saw him at luncheon not an hour ago, and he was looking pretty fit. Now, see here, Mabel, old girl, if you can only stop that Niagara of tears long enough to explain—"

"Never dare speak to me again!" cut in the girl's voice, coldly indignant and tearless now, and the connection was abruptly severed.

Paul leaned back in his chair and whistled incredulously. "What sort of a grievance has Mabel got up her sleeve?" he wondered, uneasily. "Bartering Fido and Peter, and myself—in the order of importance—there isn't a liveliest soul who she has a right to worry over. What is she doing in town, anyway?"

He lifted the receiver once more to his ear and inclined his head toward the transmitter.

"Number 4223 Palisade, please," he said for the second time that afternoon.

A servant's voice responded.

"I wish to speak with Mrs. Bliss," said Paul.

"Mrs. Bliss?" returned the servant, in a puzzled tone. "Sure and I'm afraid you've the wrong number, sir."

"This is 4223 Palisade?"

"Yes, sir, but there's no Mrs. Bliss here."

"I was speaking to her only a few moments ago. Will you make inquiries?"

"I think I better call Miss Maynard," returned the girl, doubtfully. "It you will wait a moment—"

Paul Enslow was left to his own puzzled thoughts for several moments. He opened the telephone directory and found the name of Maynard—Benjamin Maynard, banker, residence 1811 Palisade drive, telephone number 4223 Palisade. So far, so good. If Miss Maynard's name was Margaret she must be one of his sister's girl friends of that stately name.

A sweet, low voice sang over the wire into his listening ear. "Yes?" it said, inquiringly.

"Is this Miss Maynard?" Paul found his heart thumping in a most unaccountable manner.

"Yes," came the reply.

"I am sorry to trouble you, but—ah, I am Paul Enslow, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Enslow, I am so glad you have called up," she interrupted, hastily. "Poor Mabel is broken hearted and is repacking her trunk to go home. I'm sure your misunderstanding can be explained if you will only come up and see her. I won't tell her that you are coming, and you take her by surprise and—"

She paused significantly.

"Thank you very much, Miss Maynard, I will come up at once. I'm afraid we're making you a lot of trouble—I really am anxious about her," he said.

The girl laughed oddly. "Come up as soon as you can," she urged, and rang off.

Paul seized his hat and left the building. As his taxicab rolled up town he was puzzling his head about the strange circumstances of his sister and her imaginary grievance against him.

It was a queer person to put it to the test. The atmosphere of the home overcame fancied embarrassment from either brother or husband. Mabel Bliss had never before so earnestly before. As he considered this, Paul grew anxious concerning his sister.

As he mounted the steps of the handsome house his heart began to beat in that queer manner once more. Why, he was asking himself, should a girl's voice thus agitate such a confirmed bachelor as he prided himself that he was?

Miss Maynard met him at the curtained doorway of the drawing room and the sight of her did not lessen his interest. Tall and fair, with a coronet of golden brown hair, beneath which shone steady, dark blue eyes; a face exquisitely beautiful in form and delicate in coloring, in this girl he had encountered so strangely Paul Enslow met his fate.

She held out a slim, white hand. Mabel is inside," she whispered.

As Paul entered the cool, quiet room, a slender, white-gowned form arose from a deep chair and faced him. He stared aghast at the tearfully pretty countenance of an utter stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he said, but I understood Miss Maynard to say that my sister was here."

"Indeed?" said the girl, coldly. "I will send Miss Maynard here—perhaps she can explain." And she left the room.

Presently Margaret Maynard stood before him, flushed and perturbed, holding his card in her hand. "I'm afraid there is some mistake, Mr. Enslow," she said. "Do sit down and let us clear up the matter. I thought I was talking to Mr. Paul Enslow, but on looking at your card I see that you are Mr. Paul Enslow—let us unravel the matter."

Paul was only too willing, and after they had compared notes and made many amusing blunders, which served only to ripen their acquaintance, they disclosed a very pretty game of cross purposes.

It seemed that Paul Enslow had a cousin with the embarrassing rhythmic appellation of Saul Enslow. Saul lived in Chicago and was engaged to be married to a girl in the Windy City, whose name proved to be Mabel Bliss. Miss Bliss had quarreled with her lover and had gone to visit Miss Maynard in New York. Saul had followed immediately, and had stopped in his cousin's office in the Skytop building, and after finding him out had telephoned to his sweetheart, and in the course of reconciliation had quarreled more, this time Mr. Enslow feeling aggrieved. After his departure from the office the repentant Mabel had called up that number and asked that he telephone her when he returned—there being for her but one Mr. Enslow in the world. The faithful Miss Clark had made the proper memorandum, while Paul Enslow had found, and thereafter had followed the puzzling conversations.

When the matter had reached this stage of explanation a servant announced that Mr. Saul Enslow desired to see Miss Bliss, and so Margaret, still in the role of peace-maker, gave her hand once more into Paul's warm clasp and smiled at him until his head went dizzy, and took leave of him. As he ran down the steps to the waiting cab, he vowed to relieve himself from the stigma of bachelorhood at the earliest opportunity.

Those D—d Doves. I remember the welcome words of a friend when I confessed that during a week-end visit to a common acquaintance I had not slept well. "Was it those damned doves?" he inquired eagerly. It had been those damned doves. I would almost rather keep a pet alligator in my bathtub than two doves in a cage outside my bedroom door. A French Jesuit, preaching recently to an audience of women, adjured them not to repeat themselves in the confessional. He assured them that they did not know how it racked the nerves of the priest. It must be very like listening, for a few hours, to moaning doves. They seem to be confessing the same in over and over again. Where, among birds, is one to go for virtue, if doves have it not? As for parrots, they belong in Malebolge—Katherine F. Gersoid, in the Atlantic.

What's the Matter With Thomas? There are some names which seem peculiarly suited to royalty, Louis, for instance, has a kingly sound. Francis, George, Henry in both spellings; Charles, William, Edward and James, all have served their turn. John has been a Robert in Sicily and a Peter in Russia and Serbia. Frederick has often worn the crown, and royal honors are even now paid to Frederick in Bulgaria. But was there ever, anywhere, a king named Thomas? Oscars and even H. Akon's ascend the dais, but ever through all the centuries Thomas remains the subject, sometimes struggling up to a bishopric or an earldom, but never attaining the crown.

Novel Advertising Device. An ingenious machine has just been put on the Parisian market. The machine prints an announcement on the ground in the water, which it sprays upon the soil in a fine shower. The letters or signs will last for 20 to 30 minutes, until the evaporation of the water is complete, and as the spray of water also serves the welcome purpose of laying the dust, the invention is doubtless to be accorded a heartier welcome than the majority of advertising devices of this nature receives.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in— GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES, ROBES, BLANKETS, TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER Smethport, Pa.

THE BEST

DRUGS, MEDICINES, RUBBER GOODS, TOILET ARTICLES, STATIONERY, PERFUMES, PLAYING CARDS, SCORE CARDS, and FINE CANDY AT LOWEST PRICES

A. B. ARMSTRONG

Drug Store

G. H. DENNING

MEATS FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street Smethport, Pa.

The Twenty Payment Life policy, deposits payable for twenty years only, insurance payable at death. We also issue ten, fifteen, twenty and thirty payment life policies.

Age 21—\$20.84 per thousand. Age 35—\$38.34 per thousand. Age 50—\$56.17 per thousand. Ask for rates and guaranteed values. The Equitable Life Assurance Society "Strongest in the world"

C. A. BURDICK, Agt. SMETHPORT PENN'A

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Keeley Institute in Western Penna., 624 Pitt Ave., Pottsville, Pa.

I Have Just Unpacked

a complete line of

STAND LAMPS

One of them will make a desirable Christmas present for any home.

The prices are right, see the window.

E. W. STRONG

Keystone County Miner
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
 TERMS—\$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, \$1.25 per year.
 ADVERTISING RATES.
 Display advertisements published at the rate of \$100 per column per annum, payable in advance. Our own position and of the State from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
 Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
 Executors' and administrators' notices, 50¢ each.
 Address all communications to:
HARRY L. BARKUM,
 Editor and Prop'r.
 Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.
 Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.
CHARLES E. PATTON.
 Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

For State Senator.
 I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.
FRANK E. BALDWIN.
 Aulain, Pa., January 22, 1912.

A poll, conducted by the Kansas City Star weekly among its readers for ascertaining preferential preferences has resulted, after a day and a half's count, in extraordinary figures. The poll is conducted regardless of politics, so that an individual reader's opinion means merely his choice for president and not necessarily his choice for party nominee. The returns so far total 9,132 votes, mostly from Kansas and Missouri. Of these Colonel Roosevelt received more than half, or 5,947. Speaker Clark is second, with 534; William Jennings Bryan comes next, with 789; Senator La Follette is fourth with 724; and President Taft fifth, with only 655. The others include Wilson, 378; Folk, 341; Harmon, 76; Cummings, 32; Underwood, 9; Hearst, 5; Foss, 2, and scattering, 229.

Protesting to the fact that he was innocent of the murder of pretty little Ruth Wheeler, whom he was convicted of killing because she defended her honor, Albert Wolter, a boy less than 20 years of age, went smiling to his death in the electric chair at Sing Sing on Monday. He was the coolest convict ever killed in the grim state prison. Ruth Wheeler, aged 15, a business college graduate, went to Wolter to get a job. She did not return. Wolter was arrested, and a charred body was found on the fire escape, outside the building. He told a weird story of a murder having been committed by Frederick Abner, to whom he said he had loaned the flat for the day. The crime for which Albert Wolter paid with his life was one of the most wanton and brutal in the criminal annals of New York city. It was the climax of a career of depravity that, for a youth of his age, has seldom been equaled. Wolter, the youngest convicted murderer in the history of the state, was only a little past 18 years of age, when he lured little Ruth Wheeler, 15 years old, to his apartment, assaulted and killed her, and then tried to conceal his crime by burning the body in a stove and hiding the package of charred bones on the fire escape.

Since the meeting of the Keystone State committee plans have been set on foot by the party leaders to bring about fusion with the Democrats in the approaching campaign, according to the Philadelphia Star, and already there are indications that point to a working agreement between the Keystone and Democratic organizations. That the Democrats have been prepared all along to welcome any advances that might be made them by representatives of the Keystone party has long been known. In fact Charles P. Donnelly, who controls the Democratic organization in Philadelphia and who is one of the most influential men in the Democratic State organization, has made no secret of his belief that there should be fusion this year, and there is reason now to believe that Donnelly has been in touch with responsible Keystone leaders within the last few days, and that a tentative fusion proposition has already been outlined. While the framing up of a State fusion ticket on which will be candidates for state treasurer, auditor general, congressman-at-large and presidential electors will be left to the Keystone State convention, a call for which will shortly be issued by State Chairman Hicks, all deals affecting the nomination of senatorial and legislative candidates as well as candidates in the congressional districts, will be made by Keystone and Democratic county committees. The Keystone State committee will not interfere in any of those propositions, if intervention can be avoided, though its advice to Keystone county committees, so far as the congressional nominations are concerned, has been that in districts that are normally Re-

publican and Independent Republican should be the fusion nominee, and that the opposite rule should prevail in the Democratic districts. From reports that have already been received at the headquarters of the Keystone State committee in Philadelphia, State Chairman Hicks has been led to anticipate fusion on senatorial and legislative tickets in fully half of the counties, and among those in which an agreement with the Democrats has already been made are Bedford, Blair, Bradford, Butler, Clarion, Clearfield, Chester, Delaware, Dauphin, Lancaster, Luzerne, McKean, Mercer, Montgomery, Northumberland, Perry, Potter, Somerset, Washington, Wayne, Westmoreland, Wyoming, York, Schuylkill, Snyder, Union, Franklin, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata and Lebanon. In Philadelphia city the disposition on the part of the Keystone leaders is to join hands with Mr. Donnelly in an effort to effect a complete fusion agreement and a conference looking to this end will probably be held within a short time between representatives of the two parties—Bradford Era.

THE REPUBLICAN SITUATION.
 The outlook regarding the Republican presidential nomination becomes confused, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Until a few days ago the only avowed rival which Mr. Taft had was Senator La Follette. Then Senator Cummins announced that if the Iowa delegation should think enough of himself to urge other states to support him, he would offer no objection. Postmaster General Hitchcock has recently been placed among the opponents of Taft's candidacy, but yesterday he declared he has been misrepresented. "I am for Taft as strong as any man," he says. "I did not realize until a day or two ago how far these stories about my alleged differences with the president had gone." He promises to have something further to say on this point in a day or two. Yesterday Governor Hadley of Missouri announced that he is for the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt. He says he believes that a large majority of the Republicans favor his candidacy, and that a large majority of the people favor his election. At the same time, he declares, and very properly, that he will oppose any manipulation for or against Roosevelt in the selection of the Missouri delegates to the convention.

Thus the divergences in the Republican party on the question of the nomination are wider than they appeared to be a few weeks ago. As the date for the selection of the delegates approaches the opposition to the president seems to increase. While the active rivalry to him continued itself to the senator from Wisconsin the chances for the renomination of the president appeared to be overwhelming. But other aspirants are placing themselves in the field, or are being placed there by powerful elements of the people. As it is customary to renominate a good president, it is still difficult to think that Mr. Taft will be deprived of that honor. On the whole, he has made a good president. He has endeavored, in good faith, to carry out the promises of the platform on which he stood in 1908. Nobody, Democrat or Republican, has questioned his sincerity. From the beginning of his term, however, he has been opposed by a faction of his party, and thus the programme which he marked out failed, in some respects, to get the support which he believed it deserved. This schism in the party was serious enough to turn it out of power in the popular branch of Congress in 1910, and to reduce its majority in the other branch. It was not a Democratic victory, but it was a Republican defeat. The succession of Republican triumphs in congressional elections which began in 1894 was interrupted in 1910. This was a blow to Mr. Taft's prestige, and encouraged all his enemies, inside as well as outside of the Republican party. His personal popularity remains, but the defeat of his party in the middle of his term, which has made Congress a divided house, necessarily has deprived him of some friends who still respect him, and who would have been glad to see him gain a vindication in that election.

While seeking character and fitness, the Republicans also want a candidate who will poll the largest number of votes which any member of the party could obtain this year. In the two qualities here named Mr. Taft has a large endowment. He is worthy as well as capable, as all his Republican rivals and Democratic enemies will freely testify. Many Republicans, however, like Gov. Hadley, evidently believe that some other capable and worthy members of the party would be stronger at the polls, and their opinions are entitled to respect. Their earnestness in declaring them shows that they believe the Republican party, under the right leadership, can carry the country. It is plain to all Republicans, whether they favor Mr. Taft or oppose him, that, under the best possible leadership, the Republican margin in the elec-

tion will be far narrower than it has been in any campaign since that of 1896. Under the redistribution of seats, which goes into effect this year the Republican lead would be much longer in 1912 than it was in 1908 if the states should divide now as they did then. But nobody believes that any such division will be seen. The Republicans will lose some states this year which they carried three and a quarter years ago. If the Democrats should hold in the presidential election the states which they won in the recent congressional canvass, they would have an ample margin in the electoral college. That they would retain all those states no Democrat is sanguine enough to imagine. Some of them unquestionably will stay in the Democratic column this year, and thus the necessity for the Republicans to choose the strongest possible candidate is imperative. In the selection of delegates this requirement will come up in a direct and practical way. This question should be considered without bias. Especially should Republicans steer clear of all antagonisms which would prevent any of them from supporting the candidate who is chosen by a majority of the delegates in Chicago next June, whoever that candidate may be.

OLEAN HOUSE SOLD.
 H. W. Marcus, Representing a Syndicate Purchases the Property.
 H. W. Marcus, of Olean, heading a company of New York capitalists, has purchased the Olean House property, situated on Union street. The property extends along the east side of North Union street, from the driveway next to the offices of the W. N. Y. & P. Traction company, to the Masonic temple building, and includes the clothing and men's furnishing store of Baker & Gelder, the Olean House, the offices of the Wells Fargo express company, Wallace Virginia's barber shop, the offices of the Postal Telegraph company, and Joseph M. Chapman's cigar store. The property was owned by F. L. Barrett, N. Y. T. Franchot, and F. W. Higgins estate, the James Pierce estate, and the LeFevre estate, known for years as the Olean Improvement Company, and is one of the finest properties in western New York. The sale includes the real estate, but does not cover the lease of the hotel or the furnishings, which are the property of the H. S. Sartwell estate, and Mrs. Sartwell will continue to conduct the hotel, as she has since Mr. Sartwell's death, last May, and George Cowper will continue as manager, which position he assumed last July.—Bradford Herald.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.
 List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending January 27th, 1912:
 Curtis, Art.
 France, Mr. David.
 Lawrence, Mr. C. H.
 Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.
 J. C. GALLUP.
 Postmaster.

Thrifty Squirrels.
 Alfred McHenry has a park of several acres in which a score or more of gray squirrels have taken up their abode. The other day Mr. McHenry bought two bushels of walnuts to be fed to the squirrels during the winter. He left the bag with the nuts in the back part of his buggy, which was pushed into the carriage shed. Two days later when the occasion required the use of the buggy again he went to remove the two bushel bag of walnuts, when, lo and behold! there wasn't half a peck of the walnuts there. But there was a hole in the bag and an excited squirrel that chattered on a beam overhead seemed to have more than the ordinary amount of interest in McHenry's movements. The latter watched the squirrel and when he discovered that it had its home behind one of the rafters he climbed up a ladder and investigated. He not only found the squirrel's nest but all the stolen walnuts as well. The squirrel had transferred the nuts from the buggy up under the rafters all within 14 hours of daylight.—Williamsport Correspondence Philadelphia North American.

Much More Expensive.
 Downs—Why is it your friend Chownes is always down at the heel? Does he lose his money on horse races?
 Townes—He never bets on a horse race. He loses more money on the human race.
 Downs—Eh?
 Townes—He has n't a child in—Stray Stories.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
 Elsie T. Macdonald.
 I, Elsie T. Macdonald, do hereby certify that on the 20th day of June, 1911, I, Elsie T. Macdonald, did on the 20th day of June, 1911, prefer my petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James F. Macdonald. We therefore command you, the said James F. Macdonald, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie T. Macdonald, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie T. Macdonald, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 E. E. Judd, Atty. for Libellant.

before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie T. Macdonald, your wife, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie T. Macdonald, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 W. E. Hordick, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
 Delina U. Brown.
 I, Delina U. Brown, do hereby certify that on the 12th day of October, 1911, I, Delina U. Brown, did on the 12th day of October, 1911, prefer my petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert E. Brown. We therefore command you, the said Albert E. Brown, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Delina U. Brown, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Delina U. Brown, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 E. E. Judd, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
 Olive M. Reed.
 I, Olive M. Reed, do hereby certify that on the 5th day of June, 1911, I, Olive M. Reed, did on the 5th day of June, 1911, prefer my petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John T. Reed. We therefore command you, the said John T. Reed, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Olive M. Reed, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Olive M. Reed, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 Muth & Woods, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
 Jeremiah Galvin.
 I, Jeremiah Galvin, do hereby certify that on the 20th day of January, 1912, I, Jeremiah Galvin, did on the 20th day of January, 1912, prefer my petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin. We therefore command you, the said Verna P. Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Jeremiah Galvin, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jeremiah Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 F. D. Gallup, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
 Bertha Malten.
 I, Bertha Malten, do hereby certify that on the 22d day of June, 1911, I, Bertha Malten, did on the 22d day of June, 1911, prefer my petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, H. A. Malten. We therefore command you, the said H. A. Malten, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha Malten, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bertha Malten, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.
 A true copy.
 M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.
 Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
 Gallup & Shattuck, Atty. for Libellant.

THE LYCEUM
 February 1, 2 & 3.

James M. Cole, Big Four Frolic.

The "New King Of Tramps."
 INTRODUCING

America's Greatest Dancers;
CHAS. F. VAN and Miss Arvalia Clark
 Accompanied by a select Cast.

NEW MUSIC
 PRICES: 10c, 20 and 30c.

OVERCOAT SALE
NOW ON
 —AT—
H. W. Rubin,
 THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Come in and
 Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from \$3 up to \$15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES
Engstrom & Olson

An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries
WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS
 haw the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY
 When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!
TRY THESE, They'll Please!
GEO. WASHINGTON
 Prepared coffee.
 Made in the cap.
 Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.
ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
 Just the thing to complete that Christmas Dinner.
F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
 Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade. It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
 Smethport, Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!
 This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.
Anderson & Carlson,
 THE SHOE MEN
 Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Clearance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garments that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

25 pairs, sizes 2 to 21-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at \$1.39 per pair. Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

HOW TO MAKE HOUSECLEANING EASY

Don't wait until the first warm weather and then try to do everything in two weeks.

There are a lot of odd jobs that can be done during the winter evenings of January, February or March that you will want to do in April but will not have time. For instance—look over your dining room, living room and bed room furniture, and see if they don't need brightening up.

Begin now—Take one article at a time, wash it with strong soap, then sand paper it smooth, and brush on the varnish. They'll be like new.

Pure undiluted CHI-NAMEL flows out smooth, requires little brushing, and does not need an expert to turn out a perfect job of varnishing.

No brush marks—No laps. Colored CHI-NAMEL gives stain and lustre in one application. Natural CHI-NAMEL gives gloss without change of color.

A 50c can of Chi-Namel Varnish coats 100 square feet of surface. We carry it in small and large cans—All colors and Natural.

DALY & GARLICK, Hardware and Plumbing.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 1, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

- Lent begins on February 21.
- To-morrow is ground-hog day.
- Hay is selling for \$22 per ton at the present time.
- Henry H. Hamlin is quite ill at his home on East street.
- Read the new advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this issue.
- The price of butter is said to be going down, but we have not noticed it.
- Monday was McKinley's birthday and carnations were worn by a great many people.
- Gold Leaf Rye is advertised by F. H. Hungville, the wholesale liquor dealer, in this issue.
- Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club Wednesday afternoon at her home on Main street.
- Miss Octavia Raymer, who has been confined to the house with an attack of neuralgia, is able to be out again.
- The Smethport Fire Department is making preparations for one of the biggest Fourth of July celebrations ever held in Smethport.
- Miss Ruth Rice, of the south side, entertained a party of little girl friends Monday afternoon, from three-thirty till six, in honor of her 10th birthday.
- The Travellers' Club held its annual birthday party at its club house Tuesday afternoon. The attendance was large and everybody spent a very pleasant afternoon.
- The Cole Comedy Company will be the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 1, 2 and 3. Prices 10, 20 and 30 cents. Seats are now on sale at Wells' drug store.
- The Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church gave a very enjoyable social and dancing party at Holder's hall on Tuesday evening. The I. O. O. F. band furnished music for the occasion and the large party spent a very pleasant evening.
- James McGowan, who has been field superintendent for the Smethport Gas Company for the past eight years, has resigned his position with that company and accepted a similar position with Forrest & Bouton on their oil lease.
- The Olean Board of Education has adopted a resolution allowing the unvaccinated children of that place who have been kept at home for several weeks to return to school. The resolution went into effect on Monday.
- We received a card this morning

from Battle Creek, Mich., stating that Mrs. A. E. Freeman, relict of the late Francis Freeman of this place, had fallen recently and broken her right arm. The card further states, we are pleased to say, that she is now getting along very nicely.

—Manager North of the Bradford theatre, announces that on Wednesday, February 14, May Irwin, the great comedienne, is to come to the local playhouse, in her new play, "She Knows Better Now." Al. G. Field's minstrels come to the Bradford theatre on Thursday evening, February 15.

—Some thief or thieves stole the gum box that hung in front of Dr. Burg Chadwick's drug store Monday night. It was locked to a board that was screwed to the building and the thieves pried the board off and carried away the whole business. It contained only a few pennies but was newly full of gum. No clue has been found up to the present time.

—A class of candidates was initiated Tuesday evening by the P. H. S. the work being done by the Degree Staff. Refreshments were served in the dining hall by one of the divisions of the Circle. After the meeting music was furnished by the Citizens' band and dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. This was one of the most enjoyable events of the Circle in a long time.

—Indictments were returned by the grand jury at Franklin last Friday afternoon against the supervisors of Canal and Cherry Tree townships in the charge of maintaining a nuisance in not keeping roads in repair. They are: James White, E. J. Beightol and S. W. Johnson, of Canal township; and M. C. Kerr, J. L. Alcorn and Frank Larr, of Cherry Tree township.

—W. T. Bogart of Jefferson street, Monday morning, resumed his former run as conductor on the B. & O. railroad, between Mt. Jewett and Kane. Mr. Bogart was employed on the Big Level & Kinzua railroad and when the division was bought by the B. & O. Mr. Bogart was relieved of his duties. His many friends will be pleased to learn that he is on the route again.—Bradford Star-Record.

—Andrew Schaur, aged 18 years, was stabbed by William Shriver, aged 15, Saturday, at St. Mary's, Pa., and will probably die. The two were born and reared at that place and were friends until about a week ago when there was a disagreement, which culminated in a fight, started it is said by Shriver kicking a dog owned by Schaur. Schriver died, but the authorities have no fear of his escaping for any length of time, as he is without funds and the weather is against his remaining out of doors.

—The grand officers of the Rebekah

Assembly of Pennsylvania came here on Monday and conferred the Past Noble Grand degree on the past noble grand of the Smethport, Kane and Mt. Jewett lodges. The Kane degree team of 22 members was present and conferred the Rebekah degree on eight new members. A large number of visitors from Kane and Mt. Jewett were present and spent a very delightful evening. An excellent luncheon was served and the party enjoyed dancing and other amusements until a late hour.

—On Saturday night fire in the two-story brick office building of the Foley Brothers' marble works in Whitney avenue, Olean, caused \$15,000 damage. Martin Foley had a room in the building and it is believed that the fire started there from a gas stove with a hose connection. A still alarm was sent in by a neighbor. The firemen found Mr. Foley on the floor of the office unconscious. He was taken to the hospital, where it was found that he had not suffered any injury, but was overcome by smoke. He is a brother of Mayor P. C. Foley.

—Ray B. Caldwell, the former Kane pitcher, has signed his contract to play with the New York Americans for the season of 1912. President Farrell of the New York Club rewarded Caldwell for his great work last season by tendering him a contract calling for four thousand dollars with a bonus of five hundred dollars attached to it, which in order for him to win, he will have to win fifteen games which he should win without much trouble, making his salary for next season forty-five hundred dollars.—Kane Republican.

—Mayor McGoller of Bradford is a much criticized man just at present. He has made several rulings since he took office that are not popular, but when he forbids the members of the Salvation Army taking up collections and selling the War Cry on the streets and in the hotels of that city he made the most grievous mistake of his official career. The good work being done by the Salvation Army is recognized by nearly everybody and it does not look well for a mayor of a city like Bradford to issue such an order and thus hinder the Army in its endeavors to help mankind.

—Patrick Donnelly, of East Bradford, known as "Bronco" Donnelly, is under arrest on a warrant charging him with assault and battery and attempt at rape. The complainant in told to the police, Mrs. Schoonover aged about 90 years, also of East Bradford. According to the story told to the police, Mrs. Schoonover was informed by Donnelly that there was a man who wished to see her in connection with some oil property, at his (Donnelly's) house. Mrs. Schoonover, who is quite feeble, went to the house as directed and found Donnelly there alone. The alleged attack followed. The aged woman screamed and neighbors notified Patrolman Campbell. Donnelly was taken to the lock up where he remained until he was arraigned before Alderman Williams yesterday afternoon. He waived a hearing. Alderman Williams fixed the amount of bail at \$1,500. The case is to go before the grand jury at the next term of criminal court, says this morning's Era.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Daniel Bacon, of Punxsutawney is a visitor in town.

Hon. Jos. W. Bouton was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

Deputy Sheriff Morrison had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. H. Stone of Bradford was a visitor in town on Monday.

Miss Anna Davis of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Miss Rose Allen over Sunday.

Ex-Senator George Williams of Wellsboro was a pleasant caller at this office last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley returned home Saturday from a short visit to Mt. Morris, N. Y.

Mrs. W. O. Herzog and daughter, Harriet, visited Mrs. C. A. Anderson at Colegrove Friday.

Mrs. Fred Hungville and little son, Bill, visited Crosby relatives the latter part of last week.

Louis Dickinson of Brownlee, Neb., is visiting at the home of his father, C. W. Dickinson, on Bank street.

Humane Officer A. N. Heard of Bradford had business in town today and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs. Barry and sons, Ed. and Frank, of Coleville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Herzog the forepart of the week.

Will O'Reilly was a Bradford visitor Tuesday evening, where he attended the dance given by the Nurses' Association.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Dickerson of Nowata, Okla., have been visiting friends in Smethport and vicinity for the past few days.

Col. and Mrs. Melville Gillett and two children, Redfield and Phyllis, left on Tuesday morning for Washington, D. C., where they will visit for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Beckwith of Alfred, N. Y., are visiting friends in Smethport and vicinity. Mr. Beck-

Ladies Home Journal Patterns

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

A Sale of Remnants.

Short Lengths of desirable Merchandise at About half the usual Price.

A great accumulation of remnants from our January clearing sale will be placed on sale Friday morning.

It will pay you to come.

Remnant of Dress Goods—Silks—Velvets—Outings—Prints—Towelings—Muslins—White Goods—Ginghams—Laces—Embroideries—Trimnings—Linings.

Coats, Suits, Skirts and Furs at BIG REDUCTIONS.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF RUBEROID ROOFING by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to prescriptions.

Perfumes

We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to \$3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

FAMILY FAVORITE ILLUMINATING OIL

Burns white, clear and steady to the last drop. For the sake of everyone in the family insist upon having Family Favorite Lamp Oil

Cheapest—Sootless—Odorless—Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon kinds. Saves money. Your dealer has it in barrels direct from our refineries.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Refiners.—Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Quolene.

1813 Calendars

Calendars, like any other commodity, should be purchased from a house of established reputation and proved stability.

The A. M. Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia which supplies me with Art Advertising Calendars is such a house.

Established since 1857, it has been for years the largest producer of high-grade cardboard in the United States, and its various specialties have given it world-wide fame.

It has earned its reputation by unfaltering honesty and the strictest maintenance of quality in all its products.

Since embarking in the calendar business, it has spared no expense in building up a line which is unexcelled in quality, originality and advertising value by that of any other house.

It is worth your while to know something about the products of this house. Samples for 1913 are now ready. Don't fail to call and see them.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.

some money from my pocket as evidence of good faith. "What would you consider due you?"

The grim, set face relaxed slightly, while she permitted her husband to edge his way a little more into the foreground.

"Well, stranger, I sorter reckon as how 'bout four bits 'll square things—dorgs is mighty durn cheap, aren't they? Give me ther' durn bits, mister, an' I reckon as how it 'll be all right."

I glanced at Mrs. Brennan and the amused twinkle in her eye led me to say heartily, "We had entirely completed our meal, but I imagined we saw ghosts."

"Ghosts!" He glanced around apprehensively. "On Heaven and on thy lady call, enter the enchanted hall! Wus ther' ghosts ye saw over thar?" And he pointed toward the wall opposite.

I nodded.

"Then I sorter reckon as how Maria and me wus ther' ghosts," he continued, grinning. "We sorter reckoned as how we wanted ter see who wus yere afore we come in. 'Til I then tild my fancey hears the clang of swords, the crash of spears. These yere is tough times, stranger, in these parts, an' a man wudn't has ter perfect a lovely female has got ter keep his eye skinned."

Maria snifled contemptuously.

"Yere no great shakes at a perfect 'in o' me, Jed Bunday. Now you sit down thar an' begin ter fill up. I reckon as how ther' Cap an' his gal will kinder jine with us fer manners."

She seated Jed with such extreme vigor that I looked for the chair to collapse beneath him as he came down, but the little man, not in the least daunted, picked up his knife and fork with a sigh of relief.

"O woman! in our hours of ease uncertain, coy, and hard to please," he murmured. "Come, sit down, stranger; 'sit down' an' share a soldier's couch, a soldier's fare. Not as I'm a soldier," he hastened to explain, "but that's how it is in ther' book. Say, old woman, kinder asker up some coffee fer we uns—leastwise wudn't us Confeds call coffee?"

Without much difficulty I induced Mrs. Brennan to draw her chair more to the table, and I sat down beside her.

"You are Confederate, then?" I asked, curious to know upon which side his sympathies were enlisted in the struggle.

He glanced warily at my gray jacket, then his shrewd, shifty eyes wandered to the blue and yellow cavalry cloak lying on the floor.

"Wal, I jist don't know, Cap," he said, cautiously, continuing to eat as he talked, "as I'm much o' anything in this yere room. First ther' durned gray-backs ther' come 'knopsh' up yere, an' run off all my horse; then ther' blame blue-bellies come 'long an' cut down every lick o' my corn fodder, so ther' I'll be cussed if I ain't 'bout ready ter fight either side. Anyhow I ain't did no fightin' yit worth talkin' 'bout, fer Maria is pow'ful feared I'd get hurt."

Maria regarded him scornfully.

"Hiding out, I suppose?"

"Wal, I ain't very healthful fer us ter be stayin' at hum much o' ther time, 'long with that thar Red Lowrie, an' Jim Hale, an' the rest o' that cattle 'round yere."

"Guerrillas pretty thick now in the mountains?"

"Wal, I dunno; I heerd as they wus doin' somethin' down by ther' brick church, but thar's no great shakes o' 'em 'jist 'round yere. I reckon as how they knows 'nough ter keep 'way from Jed Bunday—I'd pitch 'em 'far as over peasant-pitched a bar."

"You have no fear of them, then?"

"What, me?" The little man sat bolt upright, and glared fiercely across the table as though he would resent an insult. "I jist tell ye, Cap, I reckon thar ain't no guerrilla a golt' ter poke his nose 'round yere less he's a lookin' fer sudden death; thar's mighty few o' 'em 'ain't heerd o' Jed Bunday—'Whut in thunder's ther' matter with yer gal?"

He stopped suddenly, and stared at her; but before I could turn about in my chair one of the great dogs began to growl savagely, and Maria sprang forward and cuffed the surly brute into rebellious silence.

"It's hoses," she said harshly. "Likely as not it's Red's gang. Now, Jed Bunday, yere's two lovely females fer ye ter perfect."

As I hastily sprang to my feet I caught a fleeting glimpse out of the partially opened door. Down the steep of the hill road there was slowly moving toward us on foot a small party of perhaps a dozen men, so variously clothed as to make it evident they were irregulars. Just ahead of them, but on horseback, two others were even then turning into the narrow path that led to the house, attracted probably by the smoke which streamed from the chimney-top.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Bunday Defends Her Hearthstone.

A hand pressing hard upon my arm brought back my scattered senses with a rush. It was Mrs. Brennan who stood there, her face whitened by anxiety, her eyes peering anxiously through the opening of the door.

"Surely those men are not soldiers, Captain Wayne!" she exclaimed. "They wear uniforms of both armies."

"No don't they are guerrillas," I answered, drawing her back from where she might be seen in their approach. "We must find hiding if possible, for you shall never fall into such hands, Bunday!"

I turned toward where the little

giant had been sitting, but he was not to be seen. However, the sound of my voice aroused Maria to a full sense of our danger, and she was a woman to hesitate in such emergency. With a single stride she crossed the narrow room, caught the white-faced hero

by the collar of his shirt, dragged him ignominiously forth from beneath the table where he had sought refuge, shook him as she would shake a toy dog, until his teeth rattled, and then flung him out of the door leading into the back shed. It was done so expeditiously that I could only gasp.

"Now inter ther hole with ye, Jed Bunday—you an' yer dorgs," she panted furiously. "An' you uns feller him. I reckon I'm able ter handle ther' lot out thar, even if it should be Red Lowrie and his gang."

Catching firm hold of Mrs. Brennan's hand I sprang down the single step and closed the door tight behind us. Jed had scrambled to his feet, and rubbing himself vigorously with one hand, utilized the other to drag outward a rough cupboard, which appeared to be a portion of the house itself. As it swung open there was revealed behind it a fair-sized opening extending into the face of the hill. It was a most ingenious arrangement, doubtless finding frequent use in those troublous times. Its presence partially explained how Jed had thus far escaped the conscription officer.

"Do not permit the darkness to alarm you," I whispered softly, bending down as I spoke until I could feel her quick breathing against my cheek. "Our visitors are not likely to remain longer than will be necessary to get something to eat. They need never suspect our presence, and all we have to do is to wait patiently until they move on. I only wish I could discover something upon which you might sit down."

"Pray do not think me a coward," she answered, "but I have heard of this man Lowrie in the Federal camps, and I would rather die than fall into his hands."

I had heard of him also, and of his outrageous treatment of women. The memory caused me to clasp my hand warmly over hers, and set my teeth hard.

"It may not prove to be Lowrie at all," I said soberly; "but all these gentry are pretty much alike. I fear, however, I promise that you shall never fall alive into the hands of any of their breed."

Before she could answer me other than by a slight nestling closer in the darkness, Bunday whispered: "This yere hole, Cap, leads down ter the right, an' comes out in a sort o' gully 'bout a hundred feet back. Thar's light 'nough ter see ter walk by a'ter ye turn the corner, 'bout twenty feet or so. You uns kin go on down thar if ye'd rather, feller in ther dorgs, but I reckon as how I'll stay right yere an' sorter see how ther' woman comes out."

"Where, where was Roderick then? One blast upon his bugle horn. Were worth a thousand men."

If you uns like ter see a durned good fight maybe ye better stay tew—ther' o' woman is pisen if she once gits her dander up."

His voice was expressive of great expectations, and I had reason to believe his faith in Maria would be justified. Before any of us, however, had time to change our positions we heard the fellows come stamping roughly into the cabin. The thin slabs which divided us scarcely muffled their loud voices.

"Well, old woman," exclaimed one in voice so gruff as to seem almost assumed, "pretending to be alone are you, with all those dishes sitting out on the table; just been eaten off, too. Have n't seen no strange party along the road this morning, have ye?"

"Nary a one," said Maria, and I knew from her voice she was standing close beside the fireplace.

"Are you Mrs. Brennan?"

"I reckon I am, if it's any o' yer business."

"Don't git hifty, old woman, or we're liable to give you a lesson in politeness before we leave." The leader dropped the butt of his gun with a crash on the floor. "Where is the little sneak, anyhow?"

"What do you want of him?"

"Want him to go 'long with us; we're hunting some parties, and need a guide. They tol' us up the road a bit he knew every inch o' these yere mountains."

"There was a pause, as if Maria was endeavoring to decide as to the honesty of the speaker. Her final answer proved the mental survey had not proven satisfactory.

"Wal, I reckon," she said calmly, "as you uns 'll be more likely ter find him down 'bout Connersville."

"Then whut's all these yere dirty dishes doing on the table?"

"Hed sum Yankee officers yere; they jist rode on down ther trail as you uns cum up."

"Like hell!" ejaculated the fellow with complete loss of temper. "See here, old woman, we're too old birds to be caught with any such chaff. We'll take a look around the old shebang anyhow, and while we're at it you put something on the table for me and my mates to eat."

The voice and manner were rough, but I was impressed with a certain accent creeping into the man's speech bespeaking education. More, in spite of an apparent effort to make it so, his dialect was not that of those mountains.

Even as he uttered these last words, throwing into them a threat more in the tone than the language, I became aware of a thin ray of light penetrating the seemingly solid wall just in front of me, and bending silently forward could dimly distinguish the elliptical head of Bunday as he applied one eye to a small opening he had industriously made between the logs. Grasping Mrs. Brennan firmly by the hand so that we should not become separated, I crept across the intervening blackness, and reached his side.

"Holy smoke, Cap," the little man muttered in suppressed excitement, as he realized my presence. "It's a golt' ter be 'b'in' hot in thar mighty soon. Maria's steam is a risin'!"

He silently made room for me, and bending down so as to bring my eye upon a level with his, I managed to gain some slight glimpses of the scene within the cabin.

Mrs. Bunday stood with her back to the fireplace, an iron skillet firmly gripped in one hand. Her face was red with indignation, and there was a look in her eyes, together with a defiant set to her chin, which promised trouble. In front of her, carelessly resting on the table, his feet dangling in the air, was a sturdy-looking fellow of forty or so, with red, straggling beard covering all the lower half of his face, and a weather-worn black hat pulled so low as almost to conceal his eyes. His attire was nondescript, as though he had patronized the junkshop of both armies. In his belt were thrust a revolver and a knife, while within easy reach of his hand a musket leaned against a chair. Two others of the party, younger men, but even more roughly dressed than their leader, were lounging between him and the door.

Bunday chuckled expectantly.

"O Lord! if they only git the ol' gal jist a little more riled," he whispered hoarsely, jumping up and down on one foot in his excitement, "they'll hev ther' fight of ther' life."

"Do you know the fellows?" I asked.

"Is that Red Lowrie?"

He shook his head.

"Never laid eyes on any of 'em afore, but ye bet they're no goods. Roderick they're a part o' his crowd."

The man who posed as the leader of the party picked up the empty coffee-pot beside him and shook it.

"Come, now, Mrs. Bunday," he commanded, "I tell you we're hungry, so trot out some hockcake and fill up this pot, unless you want to reckon with Red Lowrie."

The woman stood facing him, yet never moved. I could see a red spot begin to glow in either cheek. If I had ever doubted it, I knew now that Maria possessed a temper of her own.

"You ain't no Red Lowrie," she retorted.

The fellow laughed easily.

"No more I aint, old woman, but I reckon we ain't so durn far apart when it comes to getting what we go after. Come, honest now, where is the little white-livered cur that runs this shebang?"

Whatever Maria might venture to call her lord and master in the privacy of home, it evidently did not soothe her spirit to hear him thus spoken of by another.

"If Jed Bunday wus hum," she answered fiercely, her eyes fairly blazing, "I reckon you wudn't be sprawlin' on ther' table, fer long."

"Wudn't I, now? Well, old hen, we've fooled here with you about as long as I care to, but go over there an' git on to fry."

If she doesn't get out of the way I'll give her something to jump for." And he patted the stock of his gun.

Instantly I drew my revolver, and pushed its black muzzle into the light under Jed's nose.

"Shall I give him a dose?" I asked eagerly.

"Not yit; O Lord, not yit!" he exclaimed, dancing from one foot to the other in excitement. "Let ther' ol' gal hev a show. I reckon she's good fer ther' whole three of 'em, less they shoot!"

Bill came up grinning. He evidently anticipated some fun, and as he reached out a grimy hand for the slab of bacon, took occasion to make some remark. What it was I could not hear, but I noted the quick responsive flash in the woman's eyes, and the next instant with a crash she brought the iron skillet down with all her strength on top of the fellow's head. Without even a groan he went plunging down, face foremost, in front of the fire. In another moment she was battling like a wild fury with the other two.

It was a quick, intense struggle. The man near the door chanced to be the first in, and he received a blow from the skillet that most assuredly would

have crushed his skull had he not dodged; as it was it landed upon his shoulder and he reeled back sick and helpless. By this time the fellow with the red beard had edged upon her, and wrested the skillet from her hand. Struggling fiercely back and forth across the floor, Maria tripped over the body of the dead dog and fell, but as she did so her fingers grasped the red beard of her antagonist. It yielded to her hand, and bare of face, save for a dark moustache, the man stood there, panting for breath, above her. Then suddenly, almost at my very ear, a voice cried,

"Frank! Frank! I am here!"

(Continued next week.)

LIKES THE OLD SONGS

MIDDLE-AGED MAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO WONDER.

Will the Ditties of the Present Day Arouse Such Pleasant Recollections as Do Those of the Long-Distant Days?

"Do you know what I wonder sometimes?" said the middle-aged man. "I wonder if any of the songs of the present day will live in the minds of the young people who sing them now to arouse pleasant recollections in them 50 years from now."

"Do you see what I mean? I know, I guess, 40 songs—20 anyway—that we used to sing when I was a youth that we all thought were lovely. Some of these had come down to us from older times and they are still living, and I suppose will keep on living. But there were other songs, written in that day, that appeal to us older people now as strongly as they did then, and perhaps more so, though in a somewhat different way now because they bring back fond recollections."

"I have no greater pleasure than hearing my children play and sing those old songs that were sung when I was young, and I wonder—I do wonder—if any of these songs written say around in the last ten years, will survive, to be sung by my children 50 years hence, with an interest like mine now in the songs of my youth."

"I am inclined to doubt it. Lots of the songs of the present time are foolish, aren't they? And with words poor or worse than poor. And still when I sit down with a book of my old songs and go over it in cold blood, reading instead of singing, I have to smile over some of them, for some of them were pretty thin and meager stuff when you came to read them. Still youth likes high flown romantic things and it doesn't apply the cold test. We don't do that till we are older, and among the songs written in the present day there may be some that will survive, foolish though they may seem to be, to people of maturer years."

"And how do I know but that the old folks in my younger days thought the songs we sang then were foolish? Maybe they did; but we loved them then and as older people we love them now; they make youth spring up in us again. And it may be, it may be, that some of these present day songs that we older people now think of no account will still live, either by the charm of their own or by the charm of all things associated with youth, to be sung 50 years from now by our children then grown old, just as we now sing over the songs of our youth, and with just the same joy. It may be. But I think they will then be singing too some of the songs that pleased us, the songs that go down through generation after generation."

The Lady's Leisure.

"The truth about the leisure of the lady is this: It was never, in the hands of our race, a leisure of the women; it was, pre-eminently, a leisure of the mind. Aside from her first and most obvious function, the lady was sheltered, petted and adored that she might have a mind at leisure from itself, and therefore at the service of others. According to her temperament, whether a Martha or a Mary, she performed this service in a more active or more passive fashion. She was the Listener; she inspired, pacified, comforted. She bound up the wounds life made, poured in the oil and wine. Her heart was the home of homeless causes; she cherished ideals as well as individuals. It is a priceless service, and cannot be overpaid. Her loving performance of it was the glory of the type whose loss we are deploring."

To be worth her salt in our national life, the lady must be either Martha or Mary—There is no other honest life for her.—Cornelia A. P. Comer, in Atlantic.

The Good Shopper.

Some women are naturally good shoppers; they have the instinct for making a good bargain, and the determination to get for their money the thing they know they want. Other women are naturally nervous, and timid, but they should endeavor to shake this off and to gain confidence. When a shopman says, "Madam, I assure you this is just the very thing you want, everybody's using it," do not forget that every shopman's business is to sell whatever he has in stock, not necessarily to sell just what you want. If you have made up your mind to use a particular custard, or a particular brand of cocoa, or to buy a dress of a particular style and shade, have it, or you will suffer disappointment, and be annoyed with yourself afterwards. Always remember that the A. B. C. of good shopping is to stick out for what you have made up your mind to buy.

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State Treasurer—John H. Shapp.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry H. Hays.

President—Judge Joseph W. Hoar.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton.
Circuit Judge—Frank E. Baldwin, Ass.
Weininger; H. H. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
County Clerk—Wm. M. Harrison, Smethport.
Recorder—R. M. Chas. Heston, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Latham, Smethport.
Treasurer—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.

County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Smethport.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; J. P. Lewis, Bradford.
Commissioners—Clark—A. R. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. E. Adelt, Bradford; W. C. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Albright, Smethport; A. J. Anders, Clearmont; A. M. Cory, Coryville.
County School Superintendent—Burgett S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

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A DANGEROUS CARGO

SAILING SHIP LOADED WITH INDIAN WILD ANIMALS.

Secured Monkey Lived in the Rigging—Pierce Hyena Broke Loose on Another Vessel and Could Not Be Found.

That wild animals shipped across the sea sometimes get loose on the voyage appears from the case of an English dealer who came over from India to England with ten thousand dollars' worth of animals aboard a sailing ship.

An Indian badger was loose for two weeks and a lion of the sacred monarchy of Northern India for nearly the whole voyage. Where the badger concealed itself during the day nobody knew, but the meat and boiled rice that were put out for it at night always disappeared before morning. The monkey lived up in the rigging comfortably enough, notwithstanding five feet of chain hanging to its neck. Food was put out for it every night, and by day it satisfied its hunger by catching and eating the potatoes that the sailors amused themselves by throwing to it.

A more dangerous experience was one in which a hyena broke loose on board a ship going to London from the Persian Gulf. The captain ordered the shooting of the animal, but when it came to executing the order the hyena could not be found.

Naturally everybody on board was more or less nervous, especially at night. It was decided to keep the hyena well fed, and to this end food in plenty was left in dark corners of the vessel.

When the ship arrived in dock the stevedores, hearing that a wild animal was at large upon her, hesitated about beginning to unload. In this emergency a telegram was sent to another dealer in wild beasts, asking him to send additional men to capture the hyena. As fate would have it, this dealer was away, and the telegram lay unopened until the next day. In the meantime the stevedores summoned sufficient courage to begin work and soon found and captured the hyena.

It was in the hold and was in splendid condition. How it came into its hiding place could never be explained. Another unexplained mystery was the loss of a python. The dealer had occasion to send nine pythons across the continent. They are usually sent by three in a sack, the sacks being put in a large box and the lid nailed down. This time, however, they were sent loose in a box.

The dealer himself saw nine put in, but only eight were there at the end of the journey. The box was perfectly tight and the python could not have got out. It was never known what happened, whether one swallowed another—and pythons are not known to do this—or whether the box had been tampered with. Anyhow, the snake was gone.

A Practical Woman. She was a fair-haired lady, an actress by profession, and dainty without. Her head was covered by a confection in keeping with her general makeup.

Briefly the headgear consisted of a bowl-like foundation, from which protruded plumes mounted on slender wires.

She sauntered into a theater, armed with a free pass, and took her seat in the pit to witness the great piece, "Ashamed of Her Pomeranian; or, Expelled From the Baronial Hall."

As she viewed the stage she felt some one tugging at her hat. She turned loftily and haughtily.

"Does my hat annoy you?" she asked.

"Not at all," replied her neighbor in the back row.

The footlight favorite thought for a time. Then she feared she had been ungracious, and, like Dick Whittington, she turned again.

"Perhaps my plumes interfere with your view?" she suggested, more amiably.

"Oh, no, thank you," said the self-possessed young woman. "I've bent 'em back!"—London Answers.

Gautier a Capricious Writer. March 3, 1862. In the evening, after dinner, we made our way to Theophile Gautier, who was still dying, though it was 9 o'clock. . . . Gautier displayed the merriest of a child, one of the chief charms of true intellectual worth.

They rose from the table and we all passed into the drawing room, whereupon there was a general request that Flaubert would dance the "step of the drawing room idiot." He borrowed a coat, turned up the collar, I cannot say what he did to his hair, his face, and indeed his whole appearance, but suddenly he seemed transformed into a formidable caricature of imbecility. Gautier, filled with a wild desire to follow suit, took off his coat, and with beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, began to tread with heavy steps the "measure of the creditor," and the evening was brought to a close with Bohemian songs and strange wild melodies.—Edmond and Jules De Goncourt. Letters and Journals.

The Wreck. Ross—I hear a burglar got in your house while your wife was away.

Cory—Yes; I'm no g-d. My wife won't know how much of the wreck I'm and how much is him!—Harper's Bazar.

BATTLE WITH "SOL'S" RAYS

Girl Who Loved Sunshine Finally Finds Material for Cushion That Won't Fade.

"My big south bay window seat is the dearest part of my room," said a real "home girl," who is gaining much useful experience since her monthly allowance has been counted on for the adornment and "replacements" of her pretty, sunny bedroom, "but for a few months the matter of keeping it respectable threatened to keep me poor. All the sunshine there is I want, so it comes in without hindrance, and right across the seat cushions and the pillows that I set up to lean against. The consequence was the denim covers faded almost as I looked at them. It took seven yards of 30-inch denim to recover the tops of those seat cushions and I couldn't get anything respectable in appearance under twenty-five or thirty cents a yard.

"I would take a half day off and have a beautiful 'apron' putting on the new covers, shaped to fit. The room would break up and be twice as livable as ever before, so it seemed. Then one day I would lift up one of the loose cushions and find that under it the denim was six shades brighter than out where the sun had shone on it. Nothing that I could afford seemed proof against fading until one day, when I was studying over the problem, I happened to notice that the plain Ingrain filling around the edge of the big rug was just the color I wanted and always had been. 'It got just as much sun as the window seat, in that part of the room, and had not altered its hue. It took me no great while to figure out that Ingrain carpet filling, even if I paid a dollar a yard for it, would outlast a dozen sets of denim covering and save the work of recovering every few weeks. So I saved up and saved up until I could afford the carpet. Work? It does! It is as nice and fresh looking now as when I put it on, six months ago."

Chinese Tailorand.

Every Chinese is an enigma to the western mind, but the greatest enigma of them all is the man who has been called to the helm of state in this storm, the only man, if there be any, who can save the empire from shipwreck, Yuan Shi-Kai. He has been suspected and trusted alternately by Manchus and Chinese, reformer and conservative, foreign and native. The late emperor, who had made him his chief adviser, cursed him with his last breath as a traitor and cause of all his misfortunes. The late empress dowager, who had favored him above all others, denounced him at her last council. The present regent, his bitter enemy, has now made him virtually dictator of the empire. He is a possible intermediary between Manchus and rebels, because each party believes he is on their side; the Manchus trust him to support the dynasty, the rebels trust him to promote reform. Trained in the school of devious diplomacy under that consummate master of the craft, Li Hung-Chang, he has pursued a tortuous course through the troubled waters of Chinese politics ever since. His career would make the plot for a melodrama were it not too sensational and improbable for the stage.—New York Independent.

Three Curious Wills.

Becoming a woman later because, as he said, his wife deserted him after inducing him to assign half his property to her, an Evansville (Ind.) man stipulated in his will that none but men should attend his funeral. By the will of an Upper Sandusky, Ohio, man the income of \$16,000 will be used for the benefit of church and university work. He provides for a fund to maintain preaching services each Sunday and Sunday school as well. The testator requested that a copy of a portion of his will be printed in large letters and hung in the church.

After directing that her body be cremated and the ashes scattered around the rose bushes in her garden a Quakeress of Moorestown provides by her will that \$5,000 shall be held in trust, the income of which shall be paid annually to the National Woman's Suffrage association until such time as women shall have the right to vote at all elections in all the states. At that time the principal of the trust fund is to be paid to a niece of the testatrix.—Case and Comment.

Seek Rest in Churches.

"Quite a number of the number of male and female derelicts who float in to church at this time of the year," observed a veteran New York sexton. "Particularly on stormy days is the attendance big and there is a line already formed before we unlock the doors in the morning. These unfortunate humans seek rest and refuge from the inclement weather. Why, it often happens that I have to awaken these friendless beings from sound slumbers. Not content with sleeping while in attitude of prayer, they frequently stretch themselves full length on rear pews, and I get my cue from the well-developed snores."

Safe.

Flubdub—Why have you never married, Singleton?

Singleton—Well, the women have always regarded me as an unfortunate fellow who wasn't bad enough to need reforming or good enough to make a desirable husband.—Life.

No Cash.

"Did you get that old miser to spend much at your charity bazaar?"

"Oh, yes; he spent our time."

SQUIRRELS OR TREES?

SERIOUS PROBLEM CONFRONTS EXPERTS IN FORESTRY.

Little Animals Cause Serious Trouble Wherever Forest Service Has Tried to Reforest Cut-over or Burned Areas.

Whether we have squirrels or forests in the United States is a question that is now presenting itself urgently to the department of agriculture. Dr. H. H. Henshaw, chief of the biological survey, has just returned to Washington after a tour of the west, where the forest service is worried over this problem.

The squirrels that are forcing themselves into the balance against the trees are the gray squirrels of the west and the Pacific coast. There has been an immense amount of trouble wherever the forest service has tried to reforest either cut-over or burned areas from the small rodents that ate the seeds before they sprouted. The sycophants, field mice and ground squirrels have been the worst offenders, and it has been found necessary to exterminate these little pests over large areas before reforesting was at all successful.

This has been done in some cases with the aid of the biological survey, and in cases where from 75 to 80 per cent. of the seed were formerly eaten within 36 hours after planting, it has been found possible to kill off the small ground animals and get a good stand of new timber. In fact, in the Cochapaw forest of Colorado it is probable that the stand of young trees will have to be thinned out to give room the trees ought to have.

But now comes the gray squirrel and presents a new problem to the forester. In most of the reforesting areas the seed of the yellow pine is the most desirable seed to be planted. The gray squirrels, it is found, not only eat the seed that are planted, but if the seed crop is at all light they eat the seed before the foresters can collect them for planting. The rangers have tried the experiment of watching the squirrels and find they frequently can locate the hoards of the little red squirrel, getting as much as a bushel of seed, sometimes from a single granary. But the gray squirrel does not hoard the seed. He either eats as he goes or else buries scattered seed so it is useless to look for them.

The biological survey does not want to exterminate the squirrels, and does not intend to poison them, at first at any rate, but will send out hunters to kill them off by shooting in the worst infested regions to see whether they can be held in check till the new trees get a start.

Doctor Henshaw said he made a visit to the national bison range, where 20,000 acres have been fenced on the Flathead Indian reservation, and found the herd of bison installed there doing well and taking kindly to their new surroundings. The Flathead Indians have several thousand acres of land they want to irrigate, and they cannot readily get water to do it without running an irrigation ditch across the bison park. They are willing to do the work of ditch digging themselves or pay the department of agriculture for having it done, but the department does not want to risk this invasion of the bison territory, and the method by which the question shall be settled has not yet been worked out.

Golden Gate Fogs.

The fogs of the Pacific, and especially those on the coast of California and Washington, present some characteristic features of their own. They are low lying, dense and of frequent and regular occurrence, and have been the cause directly and indirectly of a large percentage of marine disasters in the vicinity of San Francisco. Owing to the general movement of the air from the sea toward the land, and the climate of the great interior valley, fog is frequent and well marked. In summer the afternoon sea fog varies in depth from 100 to 1,700 feet, but it rarely reaches far inland.

On some afternoons the velocity of the wind at San Francisco rises with almost clocklike regularity to about twenty-two miles an hour, and a solid wall of fog, averaging 1,500 feet in height, comes through the Golden Gate, causing a fall in temperature to about that of the sea—namely, 55 degrees Fahrenheit.

The upper level of the fog can be plainly seen from the hills in the vicinity. Above the fog level the air is cloudless, and the afternoon temperature ranges from 80 degrees Fahrenheit to 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Chance for Profit.

Considering the accommodations the young doctor thought the rental asked for the office exorbitant. He enumerated the drawbacks: no sunshine, limited space, stuffy elevator, threadbare and insufficient furniture. The agent listened in tolerant silence, then he turned and looked out of the window at the frenzied crowds dodging to protect life and limb from the onslaughts of trucks and four different car lines that crossed at that corner.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I admit all that, but just look at the opportunity for accidents!"

Problem in Natural History.

"Evolution tells us," said the scientist, "that the ear is modified breathing apparatus of the fish."

"Don't believe it," replied the superficial person. "It's utterly impractical. How could the fish manage to snore without waking himself up?"

TO EXPLORE THE DEAD SEA

German Expedition Has Started to Investigate Mysteries of That Body of Water.

Isn't it a remarkable fact that so little is known about the Dead Sea—supposed scene of one of the greatest tragedies in all history? A German expedition is on its way thither, equipped with a large motor boat and modern sounding apparatus. Only two expeditions have preceded this one. The first was fitted out by an American, Lieutenant Lynch, in 1848, and was rather more thorough in its work than would have been expected before the days of motor craft and deep-sounding apparatus. The second expedition was made in 1864, by the duke de Luyne, but did not compare in efficiency with the Lynch investigations.

To anybody who has seen the Dead Sea at close quarters the surprising thing is that it does not contain any animal life. The Sea of Tiberias is prolific in fish, and the Jordan must carry large quantities of them into the Dead Sea. What becomes of them? Is there an outlet? If so, where does it empty? Like the Caspian, it is lower than the Mediterranean sea.

Seen from the Mount of Olives on a clear day, due east, the Dead Sea looks like a magnificent body of water—very green under the sun's rays; but near at hand one has the impression that he is gazing upon a stagnant, filthy pool. Not only is the water saturated with salt and many other mineral substances, but a coating of bituminous, glue-like scum is near the shore, unless a strong wind has driven it into the lake. The feeling of the body, after leaving the water, is highly disagreeable.

Some people with sensitive skins suffer from a rash, like the sting of nettles, after taking a dip in the filthy pond. Whence comes this obnoxious scum? Likely as not there is a deposit of bitumen somewhere in the region, similar to that greatest physical mystery on earth—the Trinidad lake of pitch. Or there may be petroleum among those desolate hills. At Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian sea, are the greatest spouting oil wells on earth.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Reporting News an Art.

You will find before I am done that I have a proper conceit of myself. I think I know what news is and how to prepare it equally for the tea table and the breakfast table. Like victuals, it may be served hot and savory, or raw and unsavory, be brought on plain or be dressed and decorated to suit the varying public taste. There is in this, as in cooking, an art.

A fine ruddy murder, like a fair round of beef, may be ruined in the roasting, and a scandal fat and juicy, blond and frothy, be wholly spoiled by a figurative excess of vinegar and garlic. A skillful chef can take a few scraps and fabricate a dish to delight a gourmet.

So the deft reporter can put this and that together and piece a story to stir the town. In both cases, however, there must be a basis of fact. The essential ingredients must be there. It is given to no man to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; to no cook to render a saute out of sawdust and bootheels; to no reporter to turn a gossip out of a lie.—Henry Waterson before Boston Press Club.

The "Baby McKee" Jokes.

One day, in the course of business, I found myself in Mrs. Harrison's presence. That she was suffering keenly needed no telling. She had been reading some of the newspapers; and as I approached she raised her eyes and exclaimed:

"Oh, Colonel Crook, what have we done!"

Shocked at her appearance I said: "I do not understand, madam—What do you mean?"

"What have we ever done," she exclaimed, "that we should be held up to ridicule by newspapers, and the president be so cruelly attacked, and even his little, helpless grandchildren be made fun of, for the country to laugh at?"

For a moment I did not know what to reply; and she continued:

"If this is the penalty for being president of the United States, I hope the good Lord will deliver my husband from any further experience."—W. H. Crook in "Memories of the White House."

Far-Sighted Editor.

The editor of an up-state weekly had advertised a year's subscription as a prize for the largest potato grown in the community. The competition waxed warm, and the enterprising newspaper man was hard pressed to accommodate the scores of tubers which flooded the printing office. His competitor, meeting him on the street, attempted to "kid" the potato booster on his "commission market."

"You don't expect to increase your circulation this way?" scoffed the rival.

"Here's the proposition," answered the editor. "I'm out a dollar and a half subscription. But as near as I can figure apud at 35 cents a bushel, I'm in exactly seven dollars. I'm going to try rutabagas next!"—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Liked Variety.

When six-year-old Harry was saying his prayers at his mother's knee one night he failed to say "Amen."

"Harry," asked his mother, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"Oh, say, mamma," was the response. "I'm tired of always saying 'Amen.' I'm going to say 'A woman.'"

NICKNAMES ON THE RECORDS

They Appear Frequently in Legal Documents of the Early Days in New York.

Nicknames are not likely to go out of fashion so long as human nature remains what it is. Schoolboys will nickname each other, colleagues will nickname their professors and soldiers will speak of their commanders as "Hell-Fire Bill," "Fighting Joe" or what not. In these days, however, it is not customary to spread such titles upon official records as was formerly the habit, according to the archives of several of our states.

In the Dutch records, in 1644, we have John Pieterse, alias Friend Jolus. In the Newtown purchase from the Indians, dated in 1656, one of the boundaries is "by a Dutchman's land called the Hans the Boore," and in the Rushwick patent, dated October 12, 1667, one of the boundaries is "John the Swede's meadow." In 1695, in the Kings county records, a man is named living at Gowanus as "Tunis the Fisher."

The common council of New York, in 1691, ordered fish to be brought into the dock "over against the city hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in," and in the same year an order was passed "that Top Knot Betty and her children be provided for as objects of charity."

The explanation of this custom, in many cases, was that the persons in question either had no family names or had forgotten them, so that the use of their generally accepted nicknames became a necessity. So numerous were the Smiths living upon Long Island that it was thought necessary to distinguish the various original families by some peculiar name. Thus we have the Rock Smiths, the Blue Smiths, the Bull Smiths and the Weight Smiths.—Harper's Weekly.

When Butt Lost a Shoe.

This is the sad narrative of how Archibald Willingham Butt, a major in the United States army, and military aide to the president, cast a boot. The thing was done before the admiring gaze of a crowd, in a brilliantly lighted theater, without the aid of wires, and in perfect form. The president was to occupy a mezzanine box, and Butt stood at the head of the stairs leading to Mr. Taft's place. The electric light shone warmly on the red carpeted steps, and toward that particular locality were turned the eyes of everybody in the house.

When the president entered the theater, Major Butt, in gold braid and with clanking sword, started a dash down the stairway. As he did so, the patent leather, low-cut shoe that he wore on his left foot flew into the air like a boomerang, wavered, glided downward, and struck the steps, down which it rolled to the floor.

There stood the president. There stood Butt with one shoe off and one shoe on. Then the president laughed. So did the whole house—that is, everybody except Butt. He merely served as the butt of the—but why pursue it?—The Sunday Magazine.

Stole Easter Letters.

At last it has been discovered why so many letters from America to Austria-Hungary have gone astray in the last twelve months. The culprit is Heinrich Muller, a sorter at the Southern Railroad Station postoffice in Vienna, who was observed the other day to put an American letter into his breast pocket.

Muller was questioned, and driven into a corner he soon owned up. He first produced thirty-one American letters from various pockets, and a further search resulted in finding seventy-four more letters hidden under his shirt. He then confessed that he had been systematically robbing the mails since September last year and had opened four thousand letters from America, the majority of which inclosed dollar notes sent home by Austrians and Hungarians in America.

His greatest haul he made about Easter time, when people in America were sending presents to the old folks at home. They were chiefly sent to Hungary, Galicia and the southern provinces of the monarchy.

Fatal Street Music.

In casting up the score against street musicians it must never be forgotten that to them was due the untimely death of one of England's foremost humorists—John Leech. The strain of ceaseless application to his work rendered Leech abnormally sensitive to street noises of all descriptions, and street music in particular drove him frantic. The organ grinders, it is said, knew of his enmity toward them, and played within earshot of his studio simply to plague him. In a letter to Mr. Bass, M. P., who was framing a bill for the suppression of street noises, Mark Lemon, the editor of Punch, declared that beyond a doubt Leech's ultimately fatal malady, angina pectoris, or breast-pang, was due to the disturbance of his nervous system caused by the continual visits of street bands and organ grinders.—London Chronicle.

Of Course.

"I don't like these big affairs. Can't see any fun in inviting everybody to your party."

"Most assuredly not. Half the pleasure in giving a party consists in leaving somebody out."

Rare Avie.

"Have you ever written a book?"

"No."

"By George! That's glorious! We want you to join our club. There are only a few of us left!"—Puck.

COON HUNTING ON DECLINE

Conservation Is Proving Very Unpopular to Those Who Delight in This Sport.

Coon hunting is on the decline over in southern Illinois, according to a report from Owensville, because the farmers and land owners have become timber conservationists and refuse to allow their trees to be cut.

It used to be that a coon hunt was not a success unless the coon was treed in a monarch of the forest, the tree subsequently being cut down by the ready axes of the hunters to effect the capture of the game. In days when timber was plentiful the land owners were not so particular, and it was not uncommon for a hunting party to chop down half a dozen fine trees in a single night. The hunting party that would commit such a trespass nowadays probably would find itself in serious trouble with the courts. For trees such as the coon hunters used to cut now have a big market value. They are growing nearer, all the time, and the wise land owner is realizing the necessity of husbanding his resources in the timber line.

"In the good old days" an incalculable amount of good timber was destroyed in this way. It was not missed at the time, for trees grew almost everywhere, and lumber was not so much of an item as it is at present. The forests had to go in order to blaze the way for agricultural development. There was no especial demand for timber, and vast areas of it were cut down and burned that the land owner might prepare for growing corn or tobacco. Much of this timber might have been saved if the farmer had cleared his land on any systematic plan, and would have made him independent in his later years. He did not realize the importance of conservation, so he cut and slashed indiscriminately, and the coon hunters helped him, along with the hickory nut hunters, the chestnut hunters, the grape gatherers, the seekers after slippery elm bark and a great variety of hunters engaged in denuding the wooded lands of their products.

It is well that the farmers of southern Indiana and the farmers elsewhere are beginning to take notice of the conservation movement. If the coon hunter must needs chase coons let him catch them on the level or climb the tree for his booty.

Hard Suggestion.

"I have all the respect in the world for science," said the patient man, but—

"Well, go ahead and finish your kick."

"I can't keep from thinking that what this country needs is fewer criminologists and more good policemen."

A Lower Bid.

"By George," said Pat, as he read the morning paper. "Here's Larry Doolan failed for half a million."

"The gasp!" exclaimed "Mike. "Sure an' old do fer t'n!"—Harper's Weekly.

Sane's

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